

## from Chappa Challa

Chappa Challa begins. Between the mist in the morning and the haze in my mind it is hard to find my way to the kitchen. But I do, and soon I am followed by 20 others, yawning, stretching, pondering over a cup of coffee. Someone always seems to be able to make eggs or pancakes and there's always milk and good cereal. By 8:30 the radio in the rec hall is blaring and of course someone is shouting "Whose turn is it to do the dishes?"

Soon it is time for everyone to begin the days work. Some people will stay and do laundry or shingle our roofs; others will come with me and paint. Trying to get ten people off to work in the morning is often rough. Sometimes you have to tie everyone's shoe laces. But everyone must have their laces tied once in a while. If you could only see the house we have been painting, it is incredible! It has 72 windows, a 200 yard white picket fence, all sorts of porches, a whole bunch of doors, miles of gutters, and myriads of "et ceteras." As Napoleon once said, "It's really big." But everyone works 5 or 6 days a week and we are going to finish our job this week. Work is hard. It is not much fun to clean off oil paint from the pores of your skin, it is not easy to paint in 90 degree weather, sweating on a ladder getting sick from the paint fumes.

Everyone who paints gets a small salary between 50 cents

and \$1.50 an hour. It seems every week I forget to write down someone's hours and everything gets confused. What I really need is a secretary, about 20 years old, 5' 5", blond and Sagittarius.

Today was a hot, hot day, and much sweat was poured into the brief five hour daywe.

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### FROM CHAPPA

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put in on the job. Dave and Gary were working in the sun high up on 28 foot ladders. I asked them to do the upper section of the side they were working on. After a few minutes I saw Dave climbing down the ladder and Gary started to shout at him saying, "Hey where do you think you are going?" "Don't tell me what to do!" "We're supposed to finish this side and that includes you."

"Everybody is supposed to paint the side and that includes you."

"Oh yeah, well I have to go to the dentist so how do you like that." By now Dave and Gary were standing face to face with me in between trying to invoke smiles. (Hey guys, nice day isn't it? Wanna go for a swim? Huh? Huh? ) "Oh, you have to go to the dentist? Why didn't you say that? I didn't know... By the time lunch comes around we are usually very hungry and someone will bring us lunch from the camp. The food is prepared with care. There is always cake or pie or some dessert for us. But we have a basic rule at camp: If you don't work, you don't eat. So it feels good

to sit down at lunch and especially supper, when everyone is together now that we have labored through the day. At lunch we just sit rather exhaustedly waiting for a second wind. We are all proud of our job. When we come home we sit and decide who worked how many hours. Usually it is a matter of debate between Manny and me. "You worked 3 hours." "We worked 3 1/2 hours." "Alright, let's compromise." "What does compromise mean?" "Alright, I'll give it to you." "You ain't giving me nothing." "You're right." And so the day proceeds to drain when we're all

The morning cold isn't bad if you can stay in your blankets till the morning sun warms the air. But at 7:30 every morning Bumpy's groggy voice penetrates my slumber and another day at together. The night comes and soon morning when the day begins again.

Ed Dillon, 21  
PLEASE: The address for contributions is Walden III, Box 1796, Duxbury, Mass. 02332